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AN

EPISTLE

TO

W-----M, E-l of M---F---D,

The moſt *unpopular* Man in the Kingdom,

EXCEPT

HIS ——— and L--D B---.

By the AUTHOR of ROYAL PERSEVERANCE and TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

———————" A *hovering Temporizer*, that
Canſt with thine Eyes at once ſee *Good* and *Evil*,
Inclining to *them both*."———————

SHAKESP. Wint. Tale.

LONDON,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCLXXVIII.
[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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TO

W-----M, E--l of M---F---D.

——"Uni æquus *Virtuti*, atque ejus Amicis *." Hor.

HOW can the Man who ſerves *deſpotic Ends*
Be ſtrictly "*juſt to Virtue and her Friends?*"
When did fair *Virtue Colonies proſcribe*,
And plan rank *Murders*, tho' ſhe ſcorn'd the *Bribe?*

* A *Motto* fit for the *Coach-Door* of a *Monteſquieu*.

When teach a *pr--c-ly Hypocrite* to *cry* *,
Or in the Mouths of *M-n--chs* plant a L--?
When did ſhe *ſit* ſtrict *Juſtice* to diſpenſe,
Yet pen a *wanton Bigamiſt*'s *Defence?*
When with a *weighty Purſe* play *N--th*'s *ſure Game*,
And ſtrangle *Truths* promulg'd in *St-art*'s Name †?
To *penſion'd M--d-rers* ‡ when did ſhe afford
A *Pardon* yet, or *alter a Record?*
If guilty, wou'd her *Conſcience* feel no *Shock*,
When from the *Hall of Pleas* ‖ ſhe view'd the *Clock?*
What future *Judge* can fill vile *Scrogges*'s Place,
Yet draw no Leſſon from his juſt *Diſgrace* §?

* This *Art* was exerted by *Advice*, as a *dernier Reſort*, to bend the rigid Virtue of a *Y--k*, the unhappy *Ch-nc-llor* of *a few Hours*.—The like *Trick* was played off upon the late Lord *Ch-th m* to compel him to receive a *Penſion*, and thereby make him *unpopular*.—Quære, Whether this *una Lachrymula*, *vix Vi expreſſa*, will *ſubdue America?*

† *Reader*, have you never heard of the famous *Douglas*-Cauſe, and of certain *Letters* to a *certain P--r*, threatened, and *adverti*ſ*ed* for Publication, but ſtifled in the *Cradle?*

‡ Who can forget the *two K-nn-dys*, *Balfe*, *M'Quirke*, *M'Donald*, *M'Greggor*, &c.?—Were ever *M-rd-r-rs* more *wanton?*

‖ Judge *Ingram* had the *daring Preſumption* to *eraſe* and *alter* a *Record*.—He was *diſplaced*, and *fined*, and a *Clock* erected over againſt Weſtminſter-Hall-Gate with the *Fine*.

§ This Chief-Juſtice was *deſervedly impeached*, *fined*, and *removed*, for perverting the *Law*, *brow-beating*, *inveigling*, *miſleading*, and *intimidating Juries*, &c.

That Judge whom *Faction* places out of *Reach*—
Preſumption ſcreen'd dares *Patriots* to *impeach*.
The Rod of *Juſtice* no *ſtaunch Minion* feels—
To *him* ſhe yields her *Balance*, *Sword*, and *S--ls*;
Reſigns to ſo much *Virtue* her own Place,
And bids *him* hold, *by Proxy*, *Purſe*, and *Mace**.
Tho' *partial Fortune* in full Tides ſhou'd bring
Her Wealth to *Sc-ts*, what *Sc-t* e'er *lov'd* his K---?
Se-ts barter K---s for *Droſs* †, replete with *Guile*;
And gild *Rebellion* with a *fawning Smile*.
From *G*-----'s Hand their *Suſtenance* they take,
Yet full *Libations* to *Pretenders* make ‡;
Raiſe Forces for a *Maſk* a —— to pleaſe,
Yet bleſs *his Rival* on their bended Knees.
Search *Caledonia*, ſearch St. *James*'s round,
In ev'ry *Sawney*'s Heart a *Tr--t-r*'s found.

* In two diſtinct Capacities, as *Sp----r* of the H. of L---- and *Ch--c----r* —beſides the *high Office* of ————. Rare *Pluralities!*

† Among the reſt, they *ſold* their *pretended Favourite* K. *Charles the Iſt*— and ſtood out hard for *a good Price too*—tho' they flattered him like *Dogs* at the ſame Inſtant.

‡ Alluding to a well-known *Information* made ſome Years ago againſt a Sol-----r-G-----l, a late B----p, and A---b-r--p. The Sol-----r fairly *bullied* the *C--nc-l-Board*.—" *Linguâ melior*."——

From

From *Famine*'s fav'rite Spot *in Clans* they ſwarm,
Like *Flies*, to try how *Albion*'s Sun can warm;
Like *Summer-Flies* round *Majeſty* reſort,
And, buzzing, pay their *ſycophantic Court*.
But in black Clouds ſhou'd threat'ning Storms ariſe,
Then *Loyalty* with *Inclination* vies;
To *rooted Prejudice Allegiance* yields,
And for *Prince Charles* * the *muckle Whinyard* † wields.
Sc-ts change their *Clime*, but ſeldom change their *Mind*;
Falſehood innate what *ſacred Ties* can bind?
To-day, how ripe for *G*——'s Plans they ſeem!
To-morrow, *Charles* can turn *this loyal Stream*.
Thus are *Sc-ts* "*juſt to Virtue and her Friends*;"
Juſt, like your L—ds—p, for their *private Ends*.
This *treach'rous Scurvy* in their Blood ſtill reigns;
To cure it, *Potts* ‡ muſt open all their Veins;
Nor will the latent Malady e'er ſtop,
Shou'd he, in Pity, leave one ruddy Drop.

* This was *Sc-tch Loyalty* in 1745.
† The *Highland Broad-Sword*, ſo called.
‡ A celebrated Surgeon.

In

In ev'ry Globule lurking *T—ſ—n* rolls,
And with its rankeſt Venom bloats their Souls.
Thus 'tis, my L—d, that *ſome* can ſerve *baſe Ends*,
Yet ſtill *ſeem* "*juſt to Virtue and her Friends.*"
Behold a *Contraſt*, *M—r—y*, and admire
Integrity diſplay'd in *Chatham*'s Fire *.
Hark!—*Reaſon*'s Voice the awful Silence breaks,
And *Chatham* like another *Mentor* † ſpeaks.
Happy for Us, cou'd *his* wiſe Counſels check
Your L—ds—p's *Crimes* at *B-ſt-n* and *Q—b—c!*
Cou'd *his conciliating Plan* control
The *Tyranny* of *M—f—d*'s *C-w-rd-Soul* ‡,
And from a *M-r--y*'s Heart pluck up the Root
Of all our Evils planted deep by *B——* ‖!

* This Epiſtle was written before the great Loſs which *England* has ſuſtained by the Death of that lamented *Patriot*.—He was the *Miniſter* of the *People*—deteſted by *L--d B--e*—a Friend to *Merit* only—an Enemy and Stranger to *Corruption*—a Terror to our *Enemies*—and would (if living) have been *once more* the acknowledged *Saviour* of an almoſt *ruined Nation*.

† See *Telemachus*, where *Pallas* appears as the Goddeſs of *Wiſdom* in the aſſumed Character of *Mentor*, a ſage Counſellor to the young *Prince*.

‡ "*Linguâ* melior, ſed frigida *Bello*
Dextera."——

N. B. Moſt great *Orators* are *Cowards*—*Cicero* himſelf was one—*Cowards* are always the greateſt *Tyrants*.

‖ To this *execrable Caledonian Fiend E-gl--d* will owe its *Fall*.

Clear'd from *Infection* thus, you ſtill might end
A baneful Life, and die like "*Virtue*'s *Friend*."
Bleſt, as you are, with Talents more than *great*,
Form'd to ſupport, enrich, and *ſave* the State;
Born with a Soul *capacious*, were it *true*,
How might the *Patriot* open to our View!
Poliſh'd as *Cæſar*, hadſt thou *Cato*'s* Heart;
Wou'dſt thou, like him, but take *thy Country*'s Part;
Leave *Adulation* to the *penſion'd Tribe*;
Scorn *Folly*'s *Plaudits*, as you ſcorn her *Bribe*;
Againſt *tyrannic Weakneſs* make a Stand,
And keep your *Mind* untainted as your *Hand*;
Free from *an itching Palm*, cou'd gen'rous *Pride*
Wean you from dangling at an ----*t*'s Side;
Then wou'd a *M---f---d* and a *Tully*† join,
And ev'ry Friend to *virtuous Worth* be *thine*.
But (ſad Reverſe!) permit plain *Truth* to place
Her honeſt *Glaſs* before thy *Janus-Face*.

* *Cato* of *Utica*.
† That great *Orator* once ſaved *Rome* from *Deſtruction*.

How

How chang'd, alas! from *that* which *Pope* admir'd,
Where ev'ry *Love* and ev'ry *Grace* conſpir'd
To give Aſſurance of the *pureſt Mind*,
And mark thee for the Darling of Mankind.
Hear! for you muſt—yes, hear, my L--d, and *mend*;
And, *mending*, prove that you are "*Virtue*'s *Friend*."
If *Virtue* dictates ev'ry *Ill* you do,
Boldly ſtand forth a *T---t-r* to full View;
Confute *clear Truths*, with *Indignation* ſtung,
And riſque your *Head* upon a *Syren*'s Tongue.
Why ſhou'd cold *Caution* hide you from the World?
Launch out to *Sea* with all your Sails unfurl'd;
No longer, *trembling*, hug the friendly Shore,
Hoiſt ev'ry Sail, and drop your *Coward-Oar*:
Stand boldly out, nor fear *thoſe Gales you court*;
Your *Needle true*, you'll reach your deſtin'd *Port*.
But, if *ill-touch'd* by *temporizing B---*,
Take Heed leſt you *fall ſhort*, or *overſhoot*.
Shun *his* Example; nor, congeal'd by *Fright*,
Withdraw *yourſelf* and *Actions* from the *Light*.

Long

Long has *your Thane*, convuls'd by *Terrors*, fled
With ev'ry Curſe, but *Scotland's*, on his Head*.
You his deputed *Proxy* he has made,
Whilſt *he*'s ſequeſter'd in ſome *neighb'ring Shade*.
Perhaps again at *Clapham* † he may lurk,
Whilſt *you* and *yours* ſtill carry on *his Work*.
Why ſhou'd the *r---l Cloſet* nightly ſcreen
Your *Whiſpers*?—Let your *ſaving Light* be *ſeen*.
Avow, like *S---w-ch*, *Tr--ſ-n* with a *Grace*,
And ſtab your Country with a *Bravo*'s Face.
With Jealouſy we watch your *cloſe Deſigns*,
And only wait the *Springing of your Mines*.
Shou'd We *ſurvive*, will *S---w-ch* then ſtand forth,
And, leagu'd with *D-nb--h*, trumpet out *your Worth*?
Without a Bluſh, will *crack-brain'd P--fr-t* dare
To make *Plebeians* at *your Praiſes* ſtare?

* By this Time the *thinking Part* of *Scotland* muſt *curſe* him too.—To *his infamous Partiality* (which ſtill prevails) his *hungry Countrymen* moſt deſervedly owe the *Hatred* of the *Engliſh Nation*.

† At Mr. *L-ve--ce*'s (the Banker), where *he ſkulked* whilſt it was reported that he was in *Italy*.—This is a *well-known Fact*—but it was diſcovered *too late*.

Your

Your *Fall* will rivet *M-rk--m* to the *Bench* *,
And make poor *S-f---k* quite forget his *French* †.
Have Pity on *your Equals*, good my L--d,
Nor toil to make your Memory *abhorr'd*.
With *Intuition*'s quickeſt Senſe you ſee
A *D-ſp-t*'s Aim, yet blaſt the Soul that's *free*;
To *G*----'s *Will* inceſſant ſuit your Pains,
And for *reſiſting Freedom* forge vile Chains.
What if your *Machiavelian Plot* ſucceeds!
In Sport a *free-born Million* only bleeds:
Or, ſhou'd it *fail*, your *L--ds--p*'s ſtill *ſecure*;
Below flat *No's*—*Above fix'd Friends* enſure.
No *P--r* can now by *Peers* be voted *dead*:
N--th buys their *Heart*, and *G*----- inſures their *Head* ‡.

* To the *Bench* of *B---ps*.—This *meddling Mixture* of *temporal*, *ſpiritual*, and *political Epiſcopacy* was raiſed by *M---f---d*, and blows the *Trumpet* of *Party* in the *Pulpit*.

† If the Reader ſhould happen to remember a certain *Anecdote*, this Line will not be *loſt*.

‡ The *Author* does not mean to ſpeak here without ſome *Exceptions*.—They will be remembered with *Honour* hereafter in the Annals of their Country; which cannot (alas!) be ſaved by a *virtuous Minority*.

Yet, had they *ſav'd* that Blood which has been drain'd,
Merely to ſhew that *B---* and *you* have *reign'd*;
Had *loyal Placemen* ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿
✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿
✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿
But *Famine* is the hardeſt *Tax* of all.
From *Scottiſh Counſels* roſe that meagre *Fiend?*
From *Scotland?*—where *green* Herbs were rarely glean'd
Till *Anna** ſpake the Word—Then ſprung the Blade;
Then firſt by *Gold* were *Sc-ts preſumptuous* made †;
Their cramp'd Ideas from a *Baubee* rais'd,
Whilſt *Sawney* at a *Guinea* ſtood *amaz'd*.
Where once did *Famine* more ſeverely reign?
Barren the Mountain, *barren* too the Plain.
Untill'd the Valley, like a kneaded Clod,
Deceiv'd the Sheep that *rotted* on its Sod;

* The Act of *Union* between *England* and *Scotland* was paſſed in the Reign of Q. *Anne*.

† Since the Demiſe of our *late excellent Sovereign*, the rankeſt *R-b-ls* of all the *Sc-tt-ſh Clans* have been worn as *Jewels* in the *Cr--n*.

With

With *ſtaring* Hides the raw-bon'd Cattle pin'd,
And Herdſmen, *ſtarv'd*, their *Truſt* and *Life* reſign'd.
Tho' *Flora* hop'd to ſee her Arts ſucceed,
When firſt ſhe ſpy'd a *Primroſe* near the *Tweed* *;
Yet, ranging farther *North*, her genial Pow'r
Cou'd ſcarcely force the *Thiſtle*'s boaſted Flow'r.
At Length it blow'd in all its *richeſt* Charms,
And *Scotland*, wond'ring, bore it in her *Arms* †.
Waving in *Treaſon*'s Banners ſoon was ſeen
This perfect *Type* of *Caledonian Spleen*.
Arm'd at all Points, *Subjection* it repels,
And, like its *Lairds*, at ev'ry Pore *rebels* ‡.
To tame the Glebe *Vertumnus* lent his Aid,
And ſighing found his vernal *Garland* fade;
His plenteous *Horn* with mould'ring Duſt was fill'd;
His *Fruits* by *Boreas* rudely pinch'd and chill'd.

* Alluding to the celebrated *Scotch Ballad*:
"What Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe!
"How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*!"

† This beautiful *Caledonian Weed* (the *Thiſtle*) makes a moſt conſpicuous and *tremendous* Figure in the *Arms* of *Scotland*, and of her *Knights* of that ancient and renowned *Order*.

‡ So the *Motto* of this *ſcurvy Weed* intimates, viz.
Nemo me impune laceſſit.

The

The God himſelf, ſhook by rough Blaſts, was glad
To change his *airy Mantle* for a *Plad**.
In Youth immortal, yet he mourn'd his Time
So loſt, and ſhiv'ring ſought an happier Clime.
Toiling *in vain*, he curs'd the churliſh Sod:
But *Anna* prov'd more *potent* than the *God*.
She wav'd her *Scepter*, and the Clods were rent;
Reluctant Nature bloom'd at her *Aſſent* †.
Then Meadows, Gardens, Orchards, Mountains, ſmil'd;
Then *Milk and Honey* flow'd amidſt the *Wild*.
At *Anna*'s Bidding envious *Famine* fled,
And *Ceres*, crown'd with *Harveſt*, rear'd her Head.
Thus bleſt himſelf, what *Demon* of a *Sc-t* ‡
(Corroding *Hunger*'s Tooth ſo ſoon forgot)

* *Vertumnus*, the Deity of the *Spring*, is repreſented as a young Man, crowned with a Garland of different Sorts of Herbs, various *Fruits* in his left Hand, the *Horn of Plenty* in his Right, and a *Garment* which only *half covers* him.

† When Q. *Anne* paſſed the *Union-Bill*.

‡ Like L--d *B*--- and his *Underſtrappers*—the Conſequence of whoſe *infernal Influence* muſt ſhortly break out in one *general Calamity*.

Gou'd

Cou'd plunge a *Siſter-Nation* in *Diſtreſs*,
And all her Sons with *worldly Want* oppreſs *?
Did *Sc-ttiſh Penury*, my L--d, occur,
When in *B-ſt-nian* Sides you plung'd the *Spur?*
When *Famine* was deviſ'd, had *pamper'd B---*
Forgot that *Nieps* † were *Scotland*'s choiceſt Fruit?
Once, like an *humble Worm*, he ſuck'd the Dew
That cool'd his *Maſter*'s Feet at foſt'ring *Kew*;
Soon, *Inſect-like*, from Earth he mounted up,
And, *taking Wing*, aſſail'd his *Feeder*'s Cup;
In *princely Chalices* preſum'd to ſip,
And ſaucily *foreſtall'd* the r---l Lip.
How *fallen* ſince your L--ds--p beſt can tell,
Who now aſcend thoſe Heights from whence *he* fell.
Beware *yourſelf*—nor let the dizzy Round
Your Brain, immers'd in *Politics*, confound.

* By whoſe Advice was the *Famine-Bill* paſſed againſt *America?*

† i. e. *Turnips*—the only *Waw-Fruit* of *Scotland* before the *Union.*

Holt * ſteer'd a *diff'rent Courſe*——immortal *Fame*
In everlaſting Scrolls preſerves *his* Name,
Whilſt *yours*, my L--d——But *Holt* employ'd no *Tools*;
He was a "*Friend to Virtue*," and her Rules:
He had no *A---y*, *A---n*, *Sm----*, or *L--*;
No Shackles *he* impos'd, but left Men *free*.
In ſuch a Soul *Diſſent* no *Spleen* creates:
How had *he* honour'd *Probity* in *Yates* †!
Steadily juſt, and *amiably* great,
He knew his *Place*, and *dignify'd* his State.
No *Expletive*, no *Lacquey* of a *Court*,
Employ'd for *Int'reſt*, thrown aſide for *Sport*;
To *r---l Crimes* no Bias *he* had ſhown,
But dragg'd a *Ruffian* from behind the *Throne*——.

* That ever-memorable *Chief-Juſtice* of the *King*'s-*Bench*, who, among many other Inſtances of *Integrity* and *patriotic Love* of the *Conſtitution*, deſerved a *Statue* for his glorious *Behaviour* in the famous Caſe of *Aſhby* and *White*.

† The late Sir *Joſeph Yates*, one of the Judges of the *King*'s-*Bench*, who a little before his lamented Death left *that Court* for ſuch *ſolid Reaſons* as do Honour to his Memory. The *Author* remembers Sir *Joſeph*'s giving this ſudden and ſevere Check to a *Great Man* who was broaching an *illegal Doctrine* in *that Court*, viz. "*No*—*No*—*No*—*No*—by *no Means*—*No*."—— Thus *virtuous Indignation* riſes at *Iniquity*.

Not

Not to receive *Thanks*, *Penſions*, *Praiſe*, *Reſpect*,
For *m-rd----g Subjects* whom the Laws protect*,
But *Puniſhment*—tho' *Brothers to a Whore* †,
To *hang* where *murd'rous Peers* ‡ have *hung* before.
To *courtly* Gales did *Holt* once ſpread his Sail?
When *Freedom* triumph'd did *he* e'er *turn pale?*
Or, when ſhe droop'd, did *his* Hand beat her down?
Spurning Mens *Rights*, did *Holt* adore a *Crown*,
And, with *Deluſion*'s Incenſe ever near,
Pour *pois'nous Counſels* in the r---l Ear?
'Twixt *Prince* and *People* he cou'd firmly ſtand,
And weigh their *Claims* with an *unbiaſs'd* Hand.
No Artifice of *his* inclin'd one Scale.
In Favour of a *T----t* to prevail,

* Such as *Watchmen aſleep* in their Boxes—*Voters* at *Elections*—*Spectators* gazing at a *military Riot* at a Diſtance—*Travellers* paſſing by—*Women* with *Child*.

† The celebrated *Polly K--n-dy*.

‡ A moſt exemplary and laudable Inſtance of *his late moſt excellent Majeſty*'s due Regard to *Juſtice*, and the *Lives of his Subjects*, when *wantonly murdered*, appeared in the Caſe of the late Lord *Ferrers*, moſt deſervedly *hanged* at *Tyburn*.

Whilſt t'other mounted, fill'd with *Freedom*'s *Dream**,
And, light as Air, was made to kick the Beam.
Like baſe *De Burgo* † did *Holt* wreſt the Laws,
Brow-beat a *Jury*, or *perplex a Cauſe*?
Act on the *Bench* as if he ſtill took *Fees*,
And in a Court of *Law* pronounce *Decrees*?
Turn a *Juſtinian* when *Facts* ſhou'd be *try'd*?
Like *Scrogges*, a *Jury*'s *equal Pow'r* ‡ deride?
Of *Precedent*, *Law*, *Reaſon*, *Truth*, make Sport;
And, like *Drawcanſir* ‖, mow down *all the Court*?
No——Under *Holt* had not *the Laws* full Sway?
He even taught the *Sov'reign* to *obey*.
Not *Kings* themſelves are higher than the *Law*;
To *that* a *Crown*'s a Toy, a *Scepter* Straw.

* So a *Great Perſonage*'s *Friends* (as they have the *Inſolence* to call themſelves), and ſo every deſigning *Knave* of a *factious Adminiſtration*, have always treated the *juſt Claims* of *Freedom*; as if they were but the *Dreams* of feveriſh *Delirium*, or downright *Inſanity*.

† A moſt *iniquitous time-ſerving Chief-Juſtice*, *hanged* in Henry the IIId.'s Reign for *eraſing Records*.

‡ To judge of *Law* as well as *Facts*, if they *think fit*.

‖ A furious *gigantic Bully* in the *Rehearſal*, who cuts down all before him —"*becauſe he dares*," as he ſays.—Yet ſuch a *ſteady*, *reſolute Bully* as Sir *Fl-----r N--t-n* would make him *eat his Words*.—This has been frequently *ſaid—tried*—and it has *ſucceeded*.—*N--t-n* is a *Bully* with a *good Bottom*—*Drawcanſir* is an errant *C---rd* and *P--troon*.

So

So *Holt* once thought—Did *M--r-y* think the ſame,
No Clime cou'd boaſt a *greater*, *fairer* Name;
Ennobled by *himſelf* the P--r wou'd ſhine,
And *purify* a long *rebellious Line*:
Old *Lovat*'s *Ghoſt* his wond'ring Ears wou'd raiſe,
And gnaſh his Teeth to hear *his Couſin*'s Praiſe *.
But *B---* prevails—*his Influence* ſtill remains,
And *M---f---d* glories in *congenial Stains.*
Your *natal Stars* unhappily *agree*:
Thou art the *Pollux*, and the *Caſtor he.*
To light the *Blind*, by *Day* your Star ſhines bright;
Shy *Caſtor*'s riſes in the *Dead of Night* †.
Like thoſe ſweet *Twins* alternately you reign,
And ſhed mild Rays upon the *tend'reſt Brain.*
Had you, like *them*, a *patriotic* Will,
Some *partial Good* might palliate *gen'ral Ill.*

* Lord *Lovat* at his *Trial* in 1746 ſeemed very anxious in claiming *Kin* to a certain *S-l-----r-G-----l* at that Time of Day.

† That L--d *B---* *abſconds* is generally *ſuppoſed*—but the *Fact* is otherwiſe—His *L--ds--p* may with great Propriety take *this* for his *Motto*:
"*Noctem Peccatis*, et *Fraudibus* objice *Nubem*."

Againſt the *Foes of Man** their Zeal was bent;
Againſt *your Country* all your *Rage* is ſpent.
Rage did I call it?—'Tis too ſoft a Name—
Periſh the Hand that firſt lit up the *Flame!*
Lives there a *miniſterial thinking Kn-ve,*
Who does not mourn the Wounds *your Counſels* gave?
Ev'n *R-gby* muſt lament *one murd'rous Stroke,*
In Spite of *Wine, Buffoonery,* and *Joke.*
Ev'n *he* muſt long to ſee *ſome Heads* high ſtuck;
To hear the Blow at *Concord* † was *unſtruck.*
Who does not wiſh *our Gemini* unborn,
That reads the Trial of ill-fated *Horne?*
Too raſhly warm, too full of *Patriot-Zeal,*
Fir'd by *ſad Truths* he rung a *ſtartling Peal*
In *miniſterial* and in *r---l* Ears,
And chill'd *your L--ds--ps* with *foreboding Fears.*
The Time muſt come, my L--ds—'tis near at Hand—
When at a *Nation*'s *Bar* your Crimes muſt ſtand

* *Pyrates*—called by *Civilians* "*Hoſtes Humani Generis.*"
† In *America.*

Arraign'd—

Arraign'd—*Imp--ch---ts* drag you forth to Light,
And *B---* no more take *Refuge* in the *Night*;
Forc'd from his *Den*, and ſtag'd to public Eyes,
To anſwer *Charges* of gigantic Size.
Then will the liſt'ning World, my L--d, attend,
To hear you *prove* that you are "*Virtue*'s *Friend**."
When you're *acquitted* by your Country's Voice,
Eloquence, *Arts*, and *Science*, muſt rejoice:
Who hate the *Courtier* muſt revere the Man
Of *Genius*, if detach'd from *B---*'s *vile Plan*.
O! to *your Country* cou'd your *Heart* appear
Sound as your *Judgment*, as your *Reaſon* clear;
Pure as your *Diction* were your *Conduct* ſeen;
With *Tully*'s Powers were you not as *mean*;
CENSOR *of public Manners*, were *your own*
But leſs *obſequious* when you ſee a *Throne*;

* But, alas! "there is no making Brick without *Straw*—There is no Calling of *Witneſſes* without *Facts*;" as a certain *Crown-Lawyer* ſaid of *Couſin Lord Lovat* at his Trial in 1746.

Wou'd

Wou'd you but drop the *Courtier*'s falſe Addreſs,
Love your *K*--- more, and ſh--low *B---ſw-c* leſs;
Wou'd you, when near your *flatter'd Maſter*'s Side,
Dare to aſſume your wonted, native *Pride*;
Diſdain the *Crouchings* of a *ſervile Dupe*,
Nor to a *M-n--ch*'s *Weakneſs* tamely ſtoop;
Exert thoſe *Rights* that to *your State* belong,
And teach a *D-ſp-t* that he may *do Wrong*;
Hold up *Truth*'s *Mirrour* to the r---l Eye,
Show *G*----- how *B*--- can *fawn*, and Courtiers *lie*;
Know your own Worth, rare Talents, and *high Place*,
And think *Duplicity* no *Engliſh Grace*;
Make *Britain*'s *Tenure* rightly *underſtood*,
And bend *Prerogative* to *Public Good*;
Remove that *Cloud* which *ſelfiſh B*--- has ſpread *,
To make his *P---ce* appear a *Lump of Lead*;

* Over the whole *Conduct*, *Temper*, *Behaviour*, and *Deportment*, of his *Pupil*, by inſtilling *falſe Principles*; training him up in *ungracious*, *haughty*, *ſupercilious*, *inſolent*, *diſdainful* Habits; *ſuch* as would be hardly tolerable in a *Highland Laird* at the Head of his *paſſive Clan*.

Then

Then *M---f---d* with *Heav'n*'s choiceſt Gifts might blend
The *Patriot*'s Name, and act like "*Virtue*'s *Friend*;"
Then in full Splendour Life's fair Eve might cloſe,
And *M--r-y*'s Sun *ſet* brighter than it *roſe*.

FINIS.

P. S. If *thoſe thrice-redoubted Mirrours of Caledonian Chivalry, Forbes, Dun, Balfe, M'Quirk, M'Donald, M'Greggor*, &c. ſo juſtly diſtinguiſhed for their *gallant Aſſaſſination* of Mr. *Wilkes*, and their *M-rd-rs* at the *Middleſex Election* and St. *George*'s *Fields*, or any of their *immediate Deſcendants*, animated by their *national Motto**, ſhould take Offence at *this Publication*, let them notify their *armorial Bearings* to the *Publiſher*, and the *Author* will face them, like a *true Knight*, at the third Squeak of the *Laird of B---*'s Jacobitical Bagpipe.——The *Author* has already received *infinite Satisfaction* from the *contemptuous Diſapprobation* with which the *Caledonians* in general ſpeak of *Royal Perſeverance* and *Tyranny the worſt Taxation*.—Every *emphatic Italic* is a *Dirk*.

* "Nemo me impune *laceſſit*."

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France ſends a *Preſent*; *England* ſmiles and liſtens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that gliſtens."

"The ſubject of this lively Ode is the preſent of a Watch which the King is ſaid to have received lately from the French Court. Though the poet has not perhaps made the moſt of the idea, his Ode has much merit, and contains ſome ſtrokes of true wit. The motto from Virgil is apt, and we have little doubt that our poet's Watch will *go*, and turn out to be a *repeater*."—Vide Critical Review, February, 1778.

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———"Ill ſtand,
"As if a Man were *Author of himſelf*,
"And knew *no other Kin*."———

SHAKESP. *Coriolanus*.
Picture of *Obſtinate Perſeverance*.

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